

PS 3535
.01797 E4

1921

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

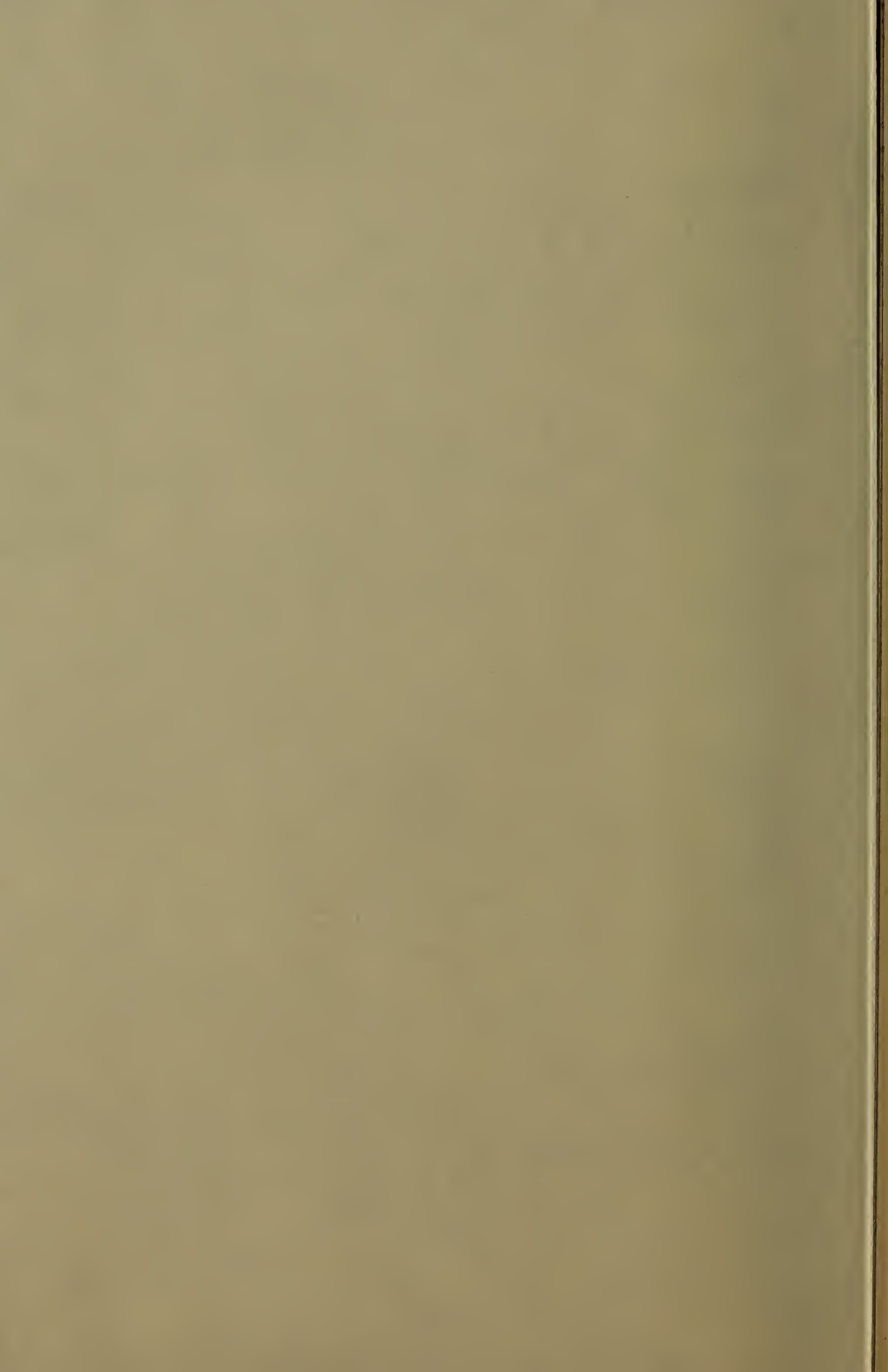


00002812538









ECHOES
by
Donald Robertson

C384
454



Illustrated by
by
Gordon Ertz



APR 28 1921
© Cl. A 614236

PS3535
D1797E4
1921

To
E. R. McC.

Though no grace may belong
To this drift-weed of song
From the gulf stream of Youth,
Save a savor of Truth,
Yet I know, that alone may beguile
For a moment or two,
Recognition from you,
And, superlative prize,
From your searching kind eyes
Be awarded the joy of your smile.
D. R.



Copyrighted 1921 by
Donald Robertson, Chicago.

ECHOES



CONTENTS

Quatrain I	12
Beloved	13
Quatrain II	16
She	17
Quatrain III	20
Compensation	21
Quatrain IV	24
Completion	25
Quatrain V	28
A Petition	29
Quatrain VI	32
Questions	33
Quatrain VII	36
When Sappho Smiled.....	37
Quatrain VIII (double).....	40
I Have a Friend.....	41
Quatrain IX (double).....	44
Perceptions	45
Triolet	48
Echoes	49
A Toast	52



QUATRAIN I

If Fate my fondest wish would smile upon,
This I affirm would give me most delight
To be a word of Hope to you at Dawn,
To be a word of Love to you at Night.



BELOVED



BELOVED

WASHED in the clean light of the stars I send
My soul to gaze in rapture on your face,
And be absorbed in one supreme embrace,
Believing, without words, you comprehend,
Believing all my love and longings blend
 Within your eyes to light, that can replace,
 By some miraculous, mysterious grace,
The ghostly darkness by the Dawn's dear Friend;
 By You, Beloved! with the peaceful Soul
 Whom God hath given me to be my own,
My noonday Joy, my gentle zephyr blown
Across the purple mountain of my dreams,
 You, whom the twin Eternities extol
 In star-songs to the woods and winds and
 streams.

QUATRAIN II

Fearlessly follow your Dream,
Dare and the world must believe,
Live in the fullness of Now,
Give and your heart shall receive.



SHE

ds
an

rs
wing
ering



SHE

SHE, whom the High Gods have dowered
With Beauty and Freedom and Passion,
Is one with the wind and the stars
And the quickening moments of Time.
Men with the dream-haunted hearts
Forever are striving to fashion
For her their despair and desires
Into fragrant delirious rhyme.

She, whom the High Gods have dowered
With Sympathy, Patience and Candor,
Is one with the dew and the dawn
And the shadows of great lonely rocks.
Dreamers, whose dreams must come true,
With listening souls understand her,
And pray that her winnowing eyes
May shepherd their wandering flocks.

She, whom the High Gods have dowered
With Valor and Virtue and Vision,
Is one with the urge in all Life
That aches to attain and arise;
Fervently now at her feet
I beg for the holy permission
To gather her heart to my heart,
And be cleansed in the light of her eyes.

QUATRAIN III

As lonely as the moment is between the Dark
and Dawn,
A little Dream goes fluttering forever on and on,
From Eden, past it came and seeks that Par-
adise to be
On earth, when men shall nobly strive in Love
and Liberty.



COMPENSATION

exc



COMPENSATION

THE Dream in my heart caught the Song on
your lips,

And a rapturous moment was born,
Creation was thrilled to its star finger-tips
When the Dream in my heart caught the Song
on your lips,

And I visioned Eternity's morn.
The meaning of yesteryear's longing and ache
Was focused on Infinite space,
And Beauty held up her sweet mouth and said,
Take,

To answer my yesteryear's longing and ache,
As I gazed on your exquisite face.

QUATRAIN IV

A thought blossoms like a white flower
In the cleft of a broken heart,
The Maker of Dreams in his hour
Will distil into fragrant Art.



COMPLETION



COMPLETION

A N odour of Dreams-in-the-bud was blown
To my heart in the cave of night,
A whisper of rapture till then unknown,
A firefly of Dusk on dim wings had flown
From an Eden of sheer delight.

I gazed in your eyes and my spirit knew
The embrace of untarnished bliss,
And Youth's aspirations at last came true,
For Love, with its lips wet with morning dew,
Was married to Life by your kiss.

QUATRAIN V

I look up at the vast reposeful sky
Where star on steadfast star is multiplied,
And ask, but get no answer to my cry,
Why must the Best be always crucified?



A PETITION



A PETITION

YOUR eyes have within them the Joy of the
nest,
The Sweep of the scythe and the Beat of the
wing,
They can mate every mood of ambition or rest
And carelessly encompass everything.

Your breast is a beacon of rapturous fire,
Your voice has the lure and the lilt of the
Spring,
Your mouth, the twin lips of Delight and Desire,
And You! you are Ecstasy's love-offering.

My words have the flight of a spark, and no
more,
The throb of a longing is all of their art,
But still since they mean, I adore you, adore,
I pray they may lie in the lap of your heart.

QUATRAIN VI

In the white Silences between these lines,
The ghost of one pure golden summer stands,
Pathetically patient it repines
Not, but it stretches forth two pleading hands.



QUESTIONS



QUESTIONS

QUESTIONS with pale and patient human
faces,

One after one come silently today,
Gliding from far off long-forgotten places,
Where, as a child with Dreams I used to play.

Questions with peering eyes are quietly asking,
Why this I did? Why that was left undone?
Meagre excuses, long since made, unmasking,
But from my soul for answer hearing none.

Gazing intently till my brain grows dizzy,
Out of the dark my quivering conscience
hears,
"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,
What of this harvest from the vanished
years?"

Chastened, I turned away from my old sorrows,
With this resolve, the golden glow whereof
Lights up the path o'er my remaining morrows,
Humbly to walk with Wisdom which is Love.

QUATRAIN VII

Immovable, immaculate, inviolate it stands,
Eternal—yet forever with the searching eyes
of Youth,
It beautifies what was, or is, or will be with its
hands,
And smiles upon its worshipers; its name, my
friend, is Truth.



WHEN SAPPHO SMILED



WHEN SAPPHO SMILED

WHEN Sappho smiled," Alcaeus said,
"In shame he bent his laureled head."
And mutely worshiped from afar,
In song's blue heaven the brightest star,
When Sappho smiled.

In Mytilene, words were wed
To ecstasy, and trumpeted
To where Time's utmost children are,
When Sappho smiled.

The Pierian roses, red,
A flaming incense madly shed,
To cleave, like some keen scimitar,
The opal doors of Life ajar
And show Creation's nuptial bed,
When Sappho smiled.

DOUBLE QUATRAIN VIII

Madonna with the wistful eyes,
Wherein the East and West are met,
A Memory within them lies
That has forgotten to forget.

A Memory of Dreams and Days
And Nights that knew of no regret,
Nested in Silence there it stays
Till Death remembers to forget.



I HAVE A FRIEND



I HAVE A FRIEND

I HAVE a Friend who gives to me
Brave cheer and constant sympathy,
And though long miles between us lie,
It always seems that she is nigh—
I have a Friend.

Should I succeed her joy would be
As great as mine, and truly she
Would make me happier thereby—
I have a Friend.

She knows that I have ships at sea,
And I believe as anxiously
She watches with a sleepless eye
Their coming into port as I—
So that is why I shout with glee—
I have a Friend.

DOUBLE QUATRAIN IX

E'en with the care a lapidary lifts,
Between his finger tips, a precious stone,
Meant for the Queen of some enchanted land,
Divinely fair upon a radiant throne.

So would my lips most delicately breathe
The fitting word for you, the sound whereof
Should blazen forth your worth to all the world,
See in my heart I find it, Dearest!—Love.



PERCEPTIONS



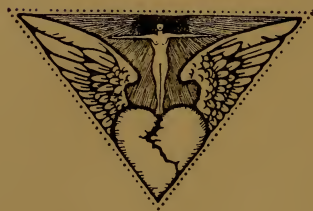
PERCEPTIONS

THERE'S a sense of Eternal Life comes up
And embraces the heart of me,
When a breath of the Spring comes whispering
Of the Beauty about to be,
Then I drink in the air like wine and lift
Up my eyes to the mountain heights,
Forgetting at once all my ancient doubts,
And the heirlooms of weary nights.

There's a sense of Eternal Love comes up
And suffuses with Dawn my soul,
When I think of your winsome graciousness
And your life so completely whole,
Then I stretch out my arms to all mankind
Well aware of our Brotherhood,
And am one with the deathless Universe
And its inner urge to the Good.

TRIOLET

The grip of a hand and a smile,
 The sound of soft evening bells;
I've carried for many a mile
The grip of a hand and a smile
Secure in my memory while
 I plodded through dismal hells:
The grip of a hand and a smile
 The sound of soft evening bells.



ECHOES



ECHOES

DRENCHED in moonlight and romance
Echoes through my Memory dance,
Singing down its frescoed halls
Melting lilts and madrigals.

Echoes of the tunes Love set,
With heart-beats for castanet,
To the summer-scented Hours
Swaying round her head like flowers.

Round the one my heart most prized,
For her kindness canonized,
She the April-eyed; God sent
To reveal what living meant.

Echoes from Joys consummate,
Flute-notes from the lips of Fate,
Echoes through my memory dance,
They are Love's inheritance.

A TOAST

Here's to the Love that lives
In despite of the fears of Hell,
Here's to the hand that gives
And the heart that forgives as well.

Here's to the Joy you seem,
To the Peace that I fain could be,
Here's to the smiling Dream
That links us through eternity.

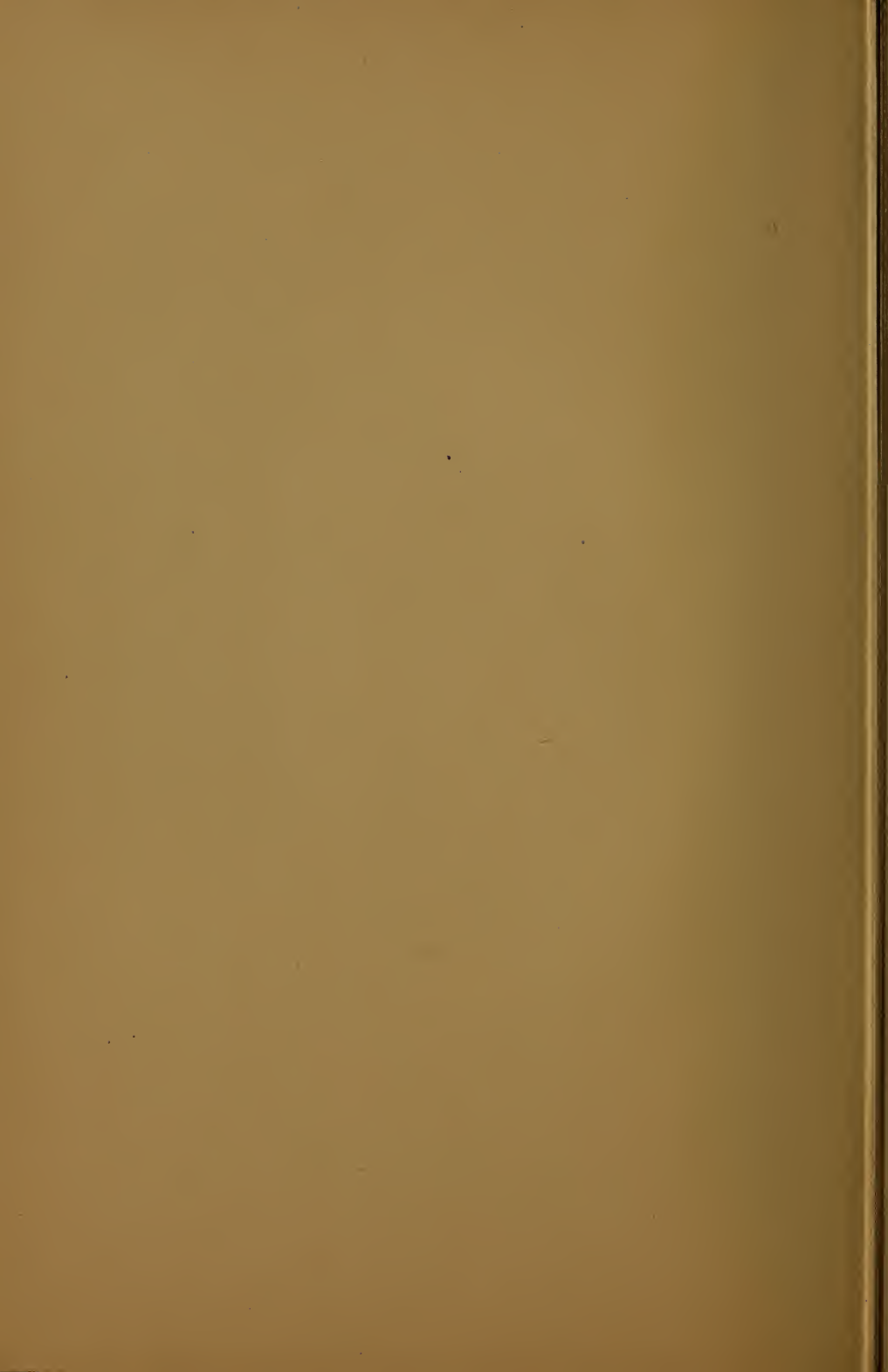




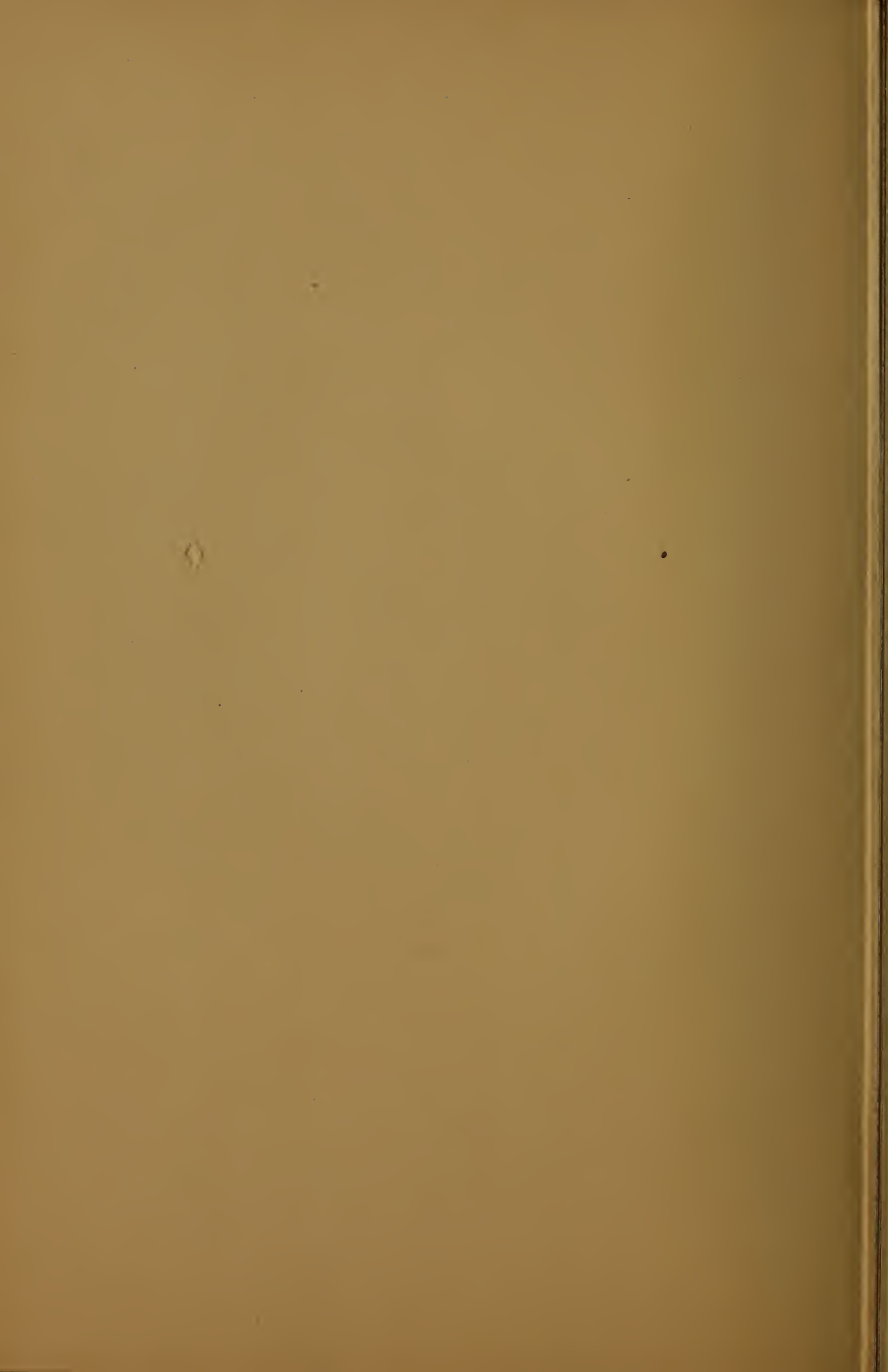


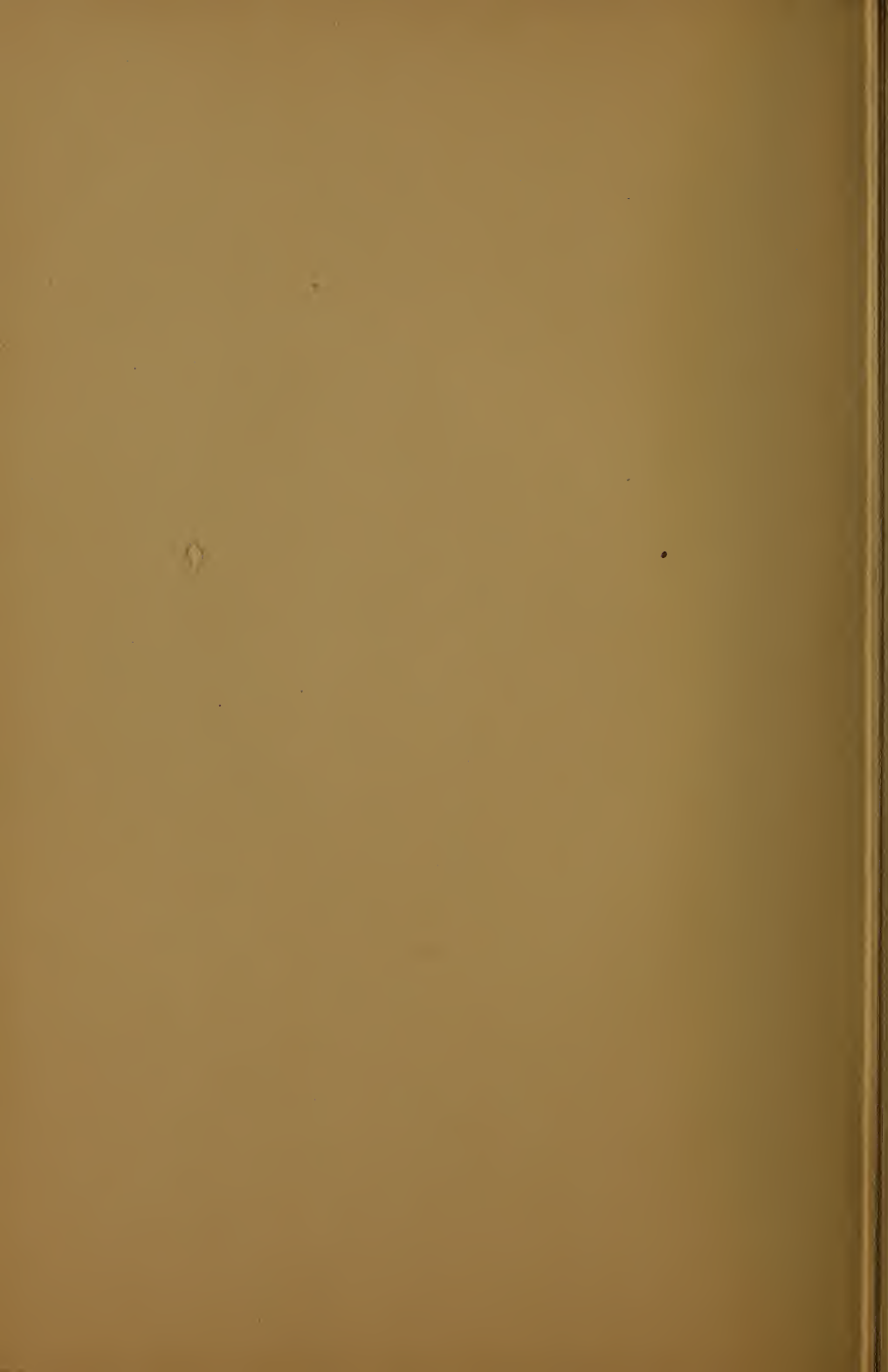
Here ends "Echoes," a book of poems written by Donald Robertson and illustrated by Gordon Ertz. This is one of two hundred and fifty copies printed at Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., March, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, being number

H17 894

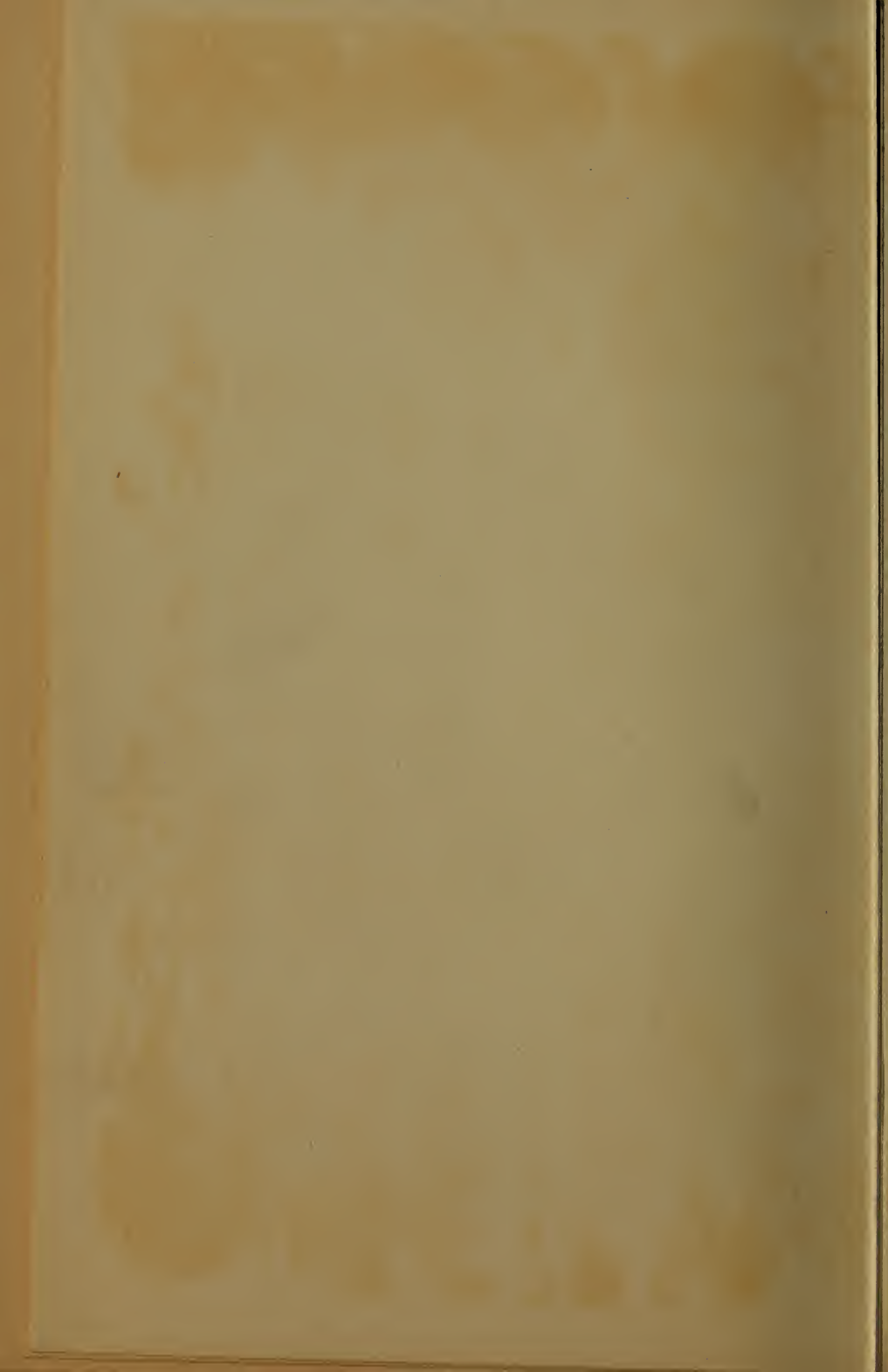


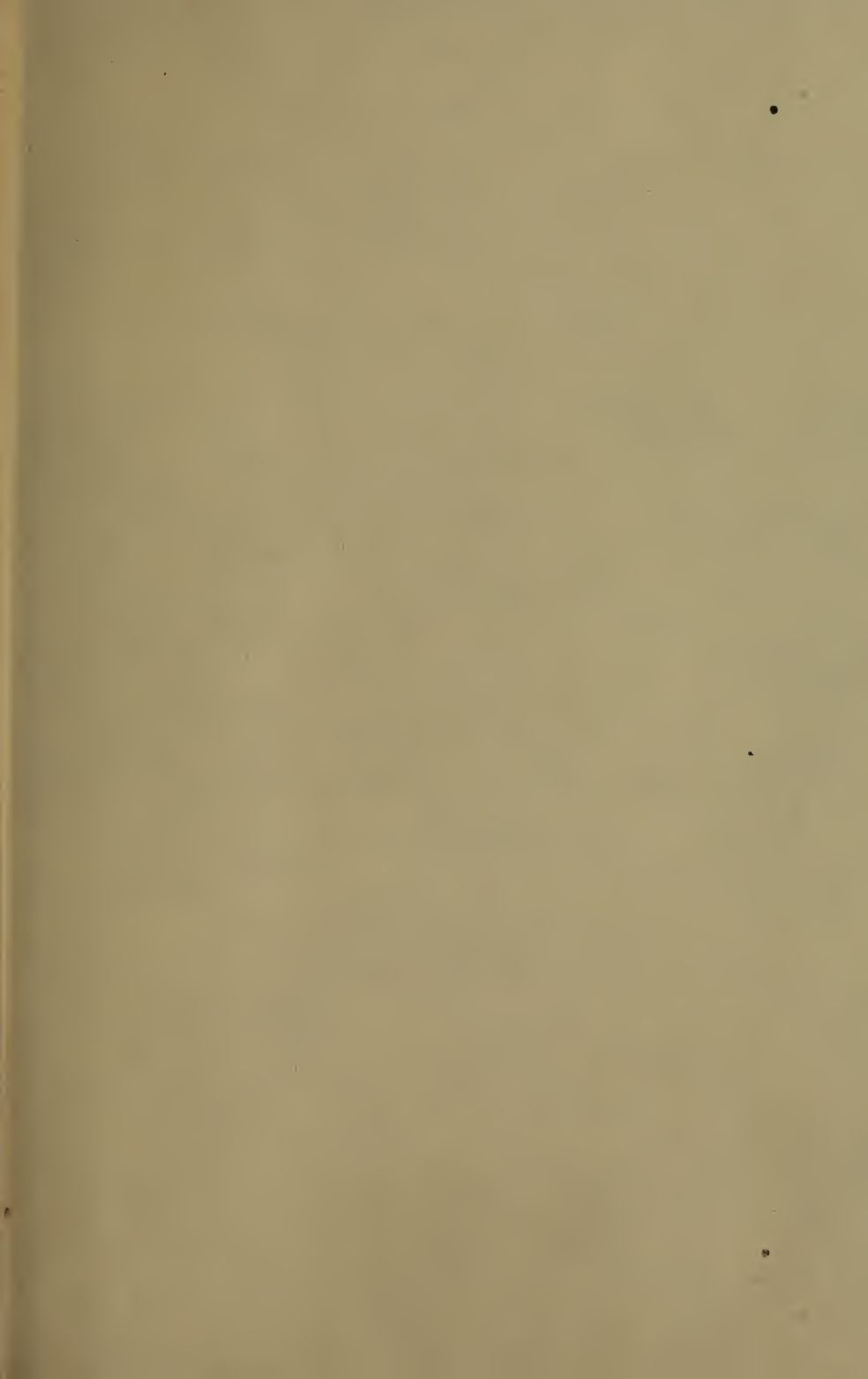
















HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



DEC 88



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

